

# It's Only ROCK'n'ROLL

"The Music You Grew Up With"



**Echo and the  
Bunnymen;  
An exploration of dark-  
est Liverpool**

**The Psyche-  
delic Furs;  
cynical or  
just careful?**



November, 1981

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Replies And Rhetoric . . . Replies

To All Involved with "It's Only Rock'n'Roll:

We read every issue from front to back. There's no other way to keep up with the local music scene. Keep up the great work!

We'd like to suggest you expand your coverage even further by doing some feature stories on such things as: the local music stores (who runs them, what services they offer, etc.), the local recording studios (facilities, rates, services, producers and engineers available, etc.), the local booking agencies and managers, the local record labels, the local musician's union, the local music business attorneys (are there any?) and maybe a step-by-step article on what's involved in putting out your own record (who to go to locally).

Hang in there and we'll keep reading, though it's going to be harder since you've dropped subscriptions (ours being among those dropped). We'll find a copy anyway, so there!

Sincerely,  
John & Janice Elliott

To The Editor:

You want someone to write, well, you got someone. First, about KISS's new format. It sucks. In the morning I turn on the radio and this lousy, slow, quiet music. I want to hear something with a punch. Instead I listen to records more often. Where's Joe Anthony when we need him? He said, "San Antonio is letting it happen." What can we do? Where to we complain? Am I the only one? At night the music is all right, but Joe made it burn. Here's an example; about seven or eight months ago Joe Anthony played an album named "Blizzard of Oz". I taped a few songs and played them around. Everyone kind of put me off. I told them it was gonna be BIG! I listened to it so

much I got burned out on it. Then six months later it is released in the U.S. and everyone says "Hey Bill, have you heard Osbourne's new album, "Blizzard of Oz" yet? I just groaned. Joe Anthony played and introduced new groups like Stingway. He also played a lot of Saxon, Iron Maiden when they came out with their first album, and Quartz. Now it's all the same thing I can hear on stations in Atlanta, New York; and other cities. What happened to rockin' San Antonio? No variety. No jam. The only way I feel appeasement is in concerts. Like the last one, Judas Priest and Iron Maiden rocked San Antonio with enough rock to put Texas in flames. Now come on let's hear it for rock n' roll!

A Sincere Rocker,  
—Bill Rainville

Dear IORNR,

Having once been an ardent fan of heavy metal, I can sympathize with the bulk of San Antonio's rock and roll music listeners. I found, though, as I grew older, not only was the genre not growing with me, but good heavy metal was getting hard to find. Now I can see very little sledgehammer rock that doesn't deal with teenage fantasy, regardless of its music content. And, as an almost 180-degree turn from my Aerosmith-Led Zep days of five or six years ago, I have come to the sad, but true facts that the greatest bands are either dead or changed drastically — leaving a handful of second-rate punk rockers who fool the current 16-year-olds into believing heavy metal is cool. Without dropping names, these con artists run rampant on RADIO AMERIKA and are very far removed from meaningful rock music. So for the kids who

believe life is meaningful and their tastes reflecting this, there is one choice — and that is to support the underground rock scene . . . like this magazine, (as well as Creem) — and to find out what style of rock that you as an individual really like. For instance, any true Doors fan would love Echo & the Bunnymen. To the diehard Stones' fan, the Psychedelic Furs are the same 'noise' Jagger & Co. was back in '67. (And both Psy. Furs Lp's cost 5 bucks!) To Yes or Tull advocates there is Robert Fripp, who is gonna have the next century in his back pocket with a new way to listen to music. If you thought Hendrix was underground avant-garde, Fripp's solo work will send you to Jimi's haven. And Robert has produced for the Roche Sisters, Daryl Hall and Bowie. (Among others) The Residents are the coolest band in the world right now, and will be probably throughout the '80s. If Pink Floyd is your favorite along with the Beatles, then you should definitely look at the rock side of anything by Brian Eno. Superb Sounds.

Finally, the Cure has as way of evoking moods through music, unparalleled by anyone in the past few years, and although it's still somewhat dark, their last two albums for 8 dollars is a steal! (Called "and happily ever after . . .") None of these bands are punk or new wave or top 40 or (traditional) heavy metal. It's all rock and roll with an edge on the reality of life using electric guitars, synthesizers, bass and drums. Addressed to the real music fans of San Antonio, I hope this letter will begin to broaden the tastes of the new generation of the '80s. As it stands now my grandmother is even bored to tears with AC/DC. (She's offended by the Flying Lizards!) If KISS was quarter-assed responsible (this

really pissed me off) they would've promoted the flood victim benefit at Manor Downs in Austin with Joe Ely, Delbert McClinton, Fab T-Birds, etc. Not that I'm pissed at their neglect, but they actually promoted Joe Walsh and David Lindley on the air more than once for July 11th (the benefit day show) and I was just one sucker who went to Austin expecting Joe Walsh in the big drum. They'd never even scheduled him! Radio shouldn't lie, even if unintentional. Good radio doesn't. KISS should play cheap new wave with their stupid heavy metal, 'cause they're now cut out to be so Top-40 anyway.

And they're still destined to be worthy of nobody's listenership. They now out and out suck.

And they used to play such good heavy rock! When n'75 nobody ever heard of Judas Priest, Scorpions, AC/DC, etc., they played it. Now all that shit is Pop Music and they're still playing it! How irresponsible! Play the new underground rock! Not everyone is so immature; they (KISS) should've grown up instead of treading water and selling out! (Stagnation is the same as death).

So anyway, I'm just sorry it has to be this way in S.A. where so many normal people have to do without a simple reality.

Rock and Roll love,

S.A. Dutch

P.S.: I have offered no comparisons. The above mentioned bands are totally unique and are only spiritual successors to the 'heroes' of the 60's and 70's.

P.P.S.: Santana and Doors fans should hear out Talking Heads' latest (and Peter Gabriel).



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## In Coming Issues:

Devo

King Crimson

Siouxsie &  
the Banshees

Def Leppard

## WHERE TO FIND US

### San Antonio:

Abbey Road, Alexander's, Apple Records, Audio Concepts, Big Al's, Caldwell Music, The Castle, The Castle Club, Chelsea Street Pub, Chris Madrid's, Crystal Pistol, Custom Hi-Fi, Dante's Pizza, Dellview School of Guitar, Drum City, Dyer Electronics, Flipside Records, Great Gatsby's, Greenhouse, Halfprice Books, House of Jeans, Incarnate Word College, Malibu Gran Prix, Music Express, Musicland, Pro Musician, Record Hole, Record Town, River City Music, Razzle Dazzle, Rock Around the Clock, Rock 'n' Roll Connection, San Antonio College, Silvey's Music, Skipwilly's, Sound Idea, Sound Warehouse, Stereo International, Scholtzky's, St. Mary's University, Tiffany's Trinity University, Trucker's General Store, Walton's Buggy Works.

## It's Only Rock'n'Roll

Vol. 4

No. 7

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Don Moore

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By David Arthur

### Icehouse

The best new band of '81? Or merely the coolest? A David Arthur report.

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No, they're not clothes from Austin — They're an excellent new band, with a sound to match their colors. By David Arthur.

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# Studio Tours II: I'm walking . . .

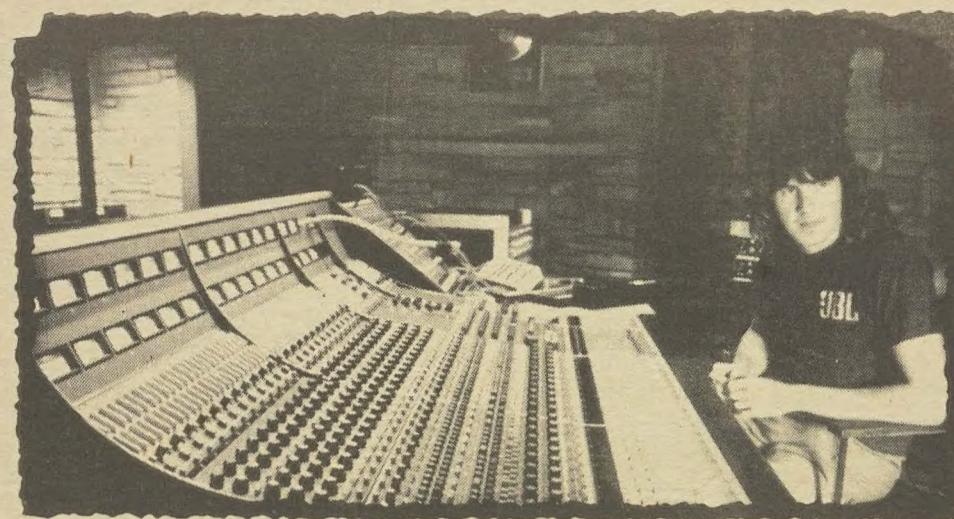
by  
**DON MOORE**  
Contributing Writer

As a follow-up to part one of this article in our last issue, I talked with or gathered information on Indian Creek Recording in Uvalde, ZAZ and Joey Records, and Walk on the Water of New Braunfels.

I was unable to visit or talk with anyone from INDIAN CREEK, so the information I have on their equipment and studio comes from a brochure sent by General Manager, Blaine Bennette. I also received an answer to my recording request (one song—5 hours studio time and mixdown, reel-to-reel copy, master and cassette copy) and a resume on their engineer, John Rollo. INDIAN CREEK (phone 278-7343) houses an Ampex 24-track and 2-track. An assortment of outboard equipment ranges from digital reverb and delay to an array of equalizers and limiters. From appearances (photos in the brochure), INDIAN CREEK has gone out of their way to set up an impressive studio (plus a 4000-acre plot of land in the hill-country) and provide a substantial set of top quality recording equipment.

John Rollo is from England and has been in the recording business for eleven years. He has worked with Decca, Central Sound, C.B.S. Studios, Essex Music, and Konk Studios (owned by the Kinks). He co-produced the *Low Budget* album for the Kinks and has received several awards for his work.

The quote I got in answer to my proposal is broken down as: 5 hours studio and engineering time (24-track), \$350; Tape rental, \$30; Reel-to-reel, \$20; Cassette, \$5; for a total of \$405.00. The use of a Yamaha Grand Piano, Hammond B-3 organ, Fender



Indian Creek & John Rollo

Rhodes piano, ARP 2600, ARP String ensemble, Hohner D-6 Clavinet and various guitars and amplifiers are included in the studio fees.

ZAZ RECORDING STUDIO and JOEY RECORDS are both owned by Joey Lopez. Joey and Bubba Perron (now of UAR) built and opened ZAZ in 1968. ZAZ is located at 6711 W. Commerce, and their phone number is 432-9591.

Robert Blackstone, their engineer makes use of a 16-track MCI with a tangent 32 in/24 out board with DBX noise reduction. Robert has about five years experience in the business as an engineer and musician. Joey reinforced the assertion that fancy equipment made little difference if the engineer did not have an ear for good sound. He has a lot of confidence in Blackstone's abilities.

Plans are in the making at ZAZ to expand to a 24-track facility and redesign the studio for more flexibility. Joey estimates imple-

mentation of these plans around February.

The hypothetical session totaled \$310 (studio time — \$180; mixdown — \$100; master, cassette and reel-to-reel copies — \$30). Enter JOEY RECORDS. Lopez also owns this enterprise that presses records and works with promotion, a service that, at the moment, no one else I talked to offers local musicians.

On the banks of Lake Dunlap, housed in a converted farm building is WALK ON THE WATER — a corporation of three gentlemen: Ken Brazile, Bruce Weldy, and Ron Stirm. The studio operates with a Tascam 16-track with tangent 32/16 board. On hand also are 8- and 4-track machines. They employ DBX noise reducers, Deltalab DL4 effects, digital delay, compressor/limiters, and parametric equalizer.

The studio was built by the aforementioned men with design consultation from Heart of Texas in Austin and opened March

1, 1981. The engineer, Bruce Weldy progressed from an in-home 4-track studio, through the RTF classrooms and labs of UT-Austin, an 8-track studio owned by Ron, and into today's WALK ON THE WATER. Bruce has done sound work and been a musician as well. Lending his ears and talents is Ron Stirm, a keyboard artist who played in L.A.

Ken admits that he is mostly on the business end, though he has done recording. He tells me that in addition to what are competitive rates, he will gladly work a deal with a band that wishes to do a fair amount of recording. He also offers regular advertised deals.

The cost of my proposal came to about \$237 (studio time — \$225; copies and master — \$4.50 each). Included in this fee is the use of a Kawai 6-ft. grand piano, a Rogers 6-piece drum set, and hammond B3 with Leslie. Ken tells me that guitars, amps, and a String Machine are for rent at \$15.00 per piece per day. The studio can be reached at 629-4396.

The people of WALK ON THE WATER have their eyes on the San Antonio market, but currently are getting most of their business from Austin, San Marcos, and Seguin.

Again, I want to impress upon the first-time recorder that **YOU** are the one paying for the work. Get what you want done by the people that can offer you not only the best deal, but the best sound and, perhaps, some nice peripherals. I also want to caution you that contracts signed without a knowledge of their contents and consequences can ruin a good career and lose your songs to greedy businessmen. Choose wisely, and cover yourself.

—RNR

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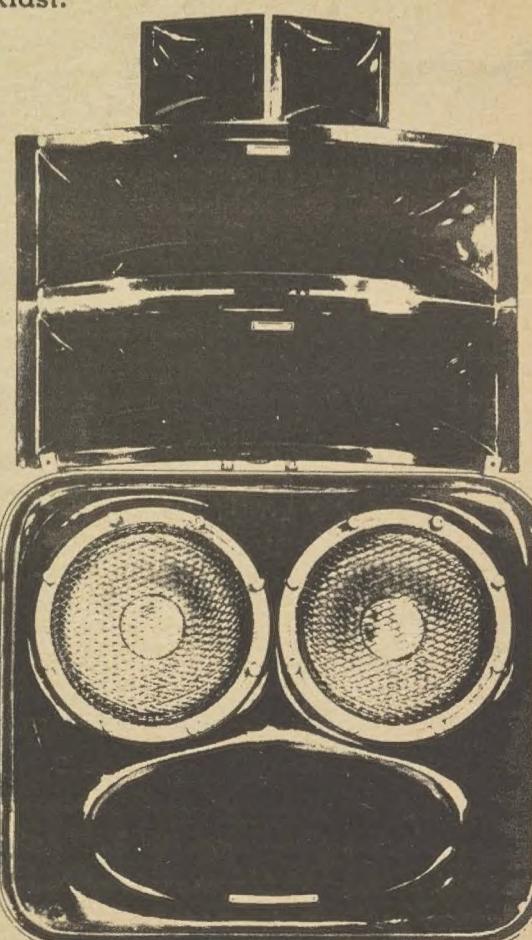
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## Echo and the Bunnymen

# It's heaven up here

by  
**DAVID ARTHUR**  
 Editor

There ought to be some way to come up with a catchy lead about this band called Echo and the Bunnymen, something about rabbits, I suppose — but I'm in no mood for bad puns.

Echo and the Bunnymen were formed in Liverpool, England in October, '78 by guitarist/lead singer Ian McCullough and guitarist Will Sergeant. Bassist Les Pattinson was recruited — he had gone to school with Sergeant — and along with a drum machine named Echo they began to play. A year later, Echo was "replaced" by drummer Pete De Freitas.

Though it is rumored that the band takes their name, at least in part, from the drum machine, De Freitas says this is not so. "It started off as a whole name — Echo was lent to the drum kit." Pattinson agrees, saying "Mac (McCulloch) related to Echo . . . he started to call the drum machine that."

music writhes and breathes, almost assuming physical form at times.

The main question then is, given this incredible potential — and the Bunnymen could become one of the major bands of the '80s — why haven't they realized their potential?

Partially because of their denseness, but mostly because of their Englishness. Ian McCullough's vocals are twisted and garbled, difficult I suspect, for an Englishman to make out, and almost impossible for an American. His lyrics by all accounts — especially De Freitas' and Pattinson's — are brilliant, so why not print them on the LP?

"They are too cryptic at times," admitted De Freitas. "It may possibly be shyness on Mac's part — not wanting people to know what he is talking about. People ought to know what he is saying." De Freitas said that originally he was against printing the lyrics, that he thought understanding was too easy that way, but that he is now uncertain of their position.

The two men were remarkably candid

**Echo and the Bunnymen can sing, dance, and . . .**



Photo by David Sprague



Photo by David Sprague  
 . . . do all sorts of neat tricks — but they didn't multiply — at least not here.

It was a late, rainy Austin night in September — the lucky 7th of the month. As I sat talking to the Bunnymen's rhythm section it seemed an appropriate night to be talking to a band that plays what is critically referred to as "psychedelic music." De Freitas' dislike of the label, though, was apparent. "There's a place for every kind of music — youth music . . . it is the one major media for youth expression of dissatisfaction or just questioning.

"We try to effect people — it's deeper than just having a good time. That's why we dislike being called psychedelic. We don't want people to look at it like that. We don't want people to leave our concerts and get on with their lives . . . we want them to carry us around with them.

"I don't like analysis of music," concludes De Freitas.

"I think critics are just into themselves ofers Pattinson. "They like to show how well they can write."

To be fair, however, the band does invite the term *psychedelic*. I don't mean that they had Haight-Ashbury posters all over their hotel room. But the Bunnymen's music is intelligent music that encourages emotion, thought and reflection. Heavily layered, soaring, with a deep, thick foundation — the

about the band's other weaknesses, commenting with little hesitation.

"What's wrong — you can't explain — you just know in head. Something's missing," De Freitas said. "Every part has got to work." I don't think by any means we've gotten as far as we could have — the first album (*Crocodiles*) was our initial stage. It was material we had been playing for over a year. The second album (*Heaven Up Here*) was an album of development, written and recorded in two months. The third album has got to be the conclusion.

It has got to have what the other two albums have and bring it together," asserted Pattinson. "In a way, we've got to dislike the first two albums to move on to a 3rd," commented De Freitas.

The two group members felt that their music's strongest point was its level of emotional depth. "It's emotion rather than intellect really . . . suppose it's to affect people from the heart. The lyrics do that well but also make people think. We don't want people to think 'wow, this is serious', De Freitas said. "There's nothing worse than being obvious."

"Emotion's an important part of music. You've got to be serious — something's got to be there," Pattinson added.

Since the band's music is so English in nature, I asked them what they thought of America. Their impressions of America were that of a giant marketplace. "It's very capitalistic, very commercial-minded. The programs (at this time the two were oohing and aahing over the new *Beverly Hillbillies* movie) — are filler — they're secondary to the adverts," De Freitas said.

**"Something needs to stir the youth out of their complacency here."**

"There was something grand about the America's of the 20's, 30's, 40's, 50's — Fitzgerald and all that," Pattinson adds. "Everyone goes along with America," De Freitas said, "but something is definitely wrong. Something needs to stir the youth out of their complacency here. There's no importance to music here. In England kids are always looking for a change . . . they're not willing to accept things pushed towards them."

De Freitas added that he was amazed by the number of small businesses here. "So many people start small businesses here — anyone will buy anything," he said, noting that the situation is very different in England. He added that "England is basically lost in knowing what it is supposed to do . . . what is our role? I think it's because it's a semi-capitalistic, semi-socialistic country." He commented that he prefers England to the overhype of American capitalism.

Commenting on the rise of the Moral Majority and Reagan's promise of a solution, De Freitas said that England may also differ from America in that "perhaps there aren't any (political-economic) solutions in England. So many people have tried to solve problems — people think, 'ah, that must be the one.' They don't see that maybe something is wrong essentially with the system, that they're not hitting the problem."

De Freitas finished up the discussion on the differences between the American and British cultures with a comment on American radio. Noting their reluctance to play British bands "because they don't sell" he termed American radio stations "wallpaper. There's a clear lack of thought. Things are only slightly better in England."

Neither of the two band members evidenced much anxiety over the group's past. When asked what they would change about the first two LPs, De Freitas said he "wouldn't change anything. A lot of bands go for the perfect album thing. Obviously, there are things we wished were better."

"It's always good to move on," interjected Pattinson. "You shouldn't rely on the past."

"You can't analyze the thing. What comes out comes out," De Freitas added.

What comes out when the Bunnymen play live is nothing like what is captured on disc. Live the band displays a violent ferocity that goes far beyond the subdued hypnotism of their two LPs. When I commented on this, Pattinson agreed saying "you need to do that live. It's good if you can see the difference. It gives the music more scope — you hear it two ways."

"I tend to dislike groups who reproduce their records live. Playing live you should . . . almost have violence in it," De Freitas added.

The band will end their second U.S. tour at the end of the month and will go back to England. Plans are for the Bunnymen to release their next LP sometime next Spring. Catch these rabbits now, while they're on the run and before their imitators multiply.

—RNR



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## Dawn of an Ice Age? **Icehouse: Brr! Don't**

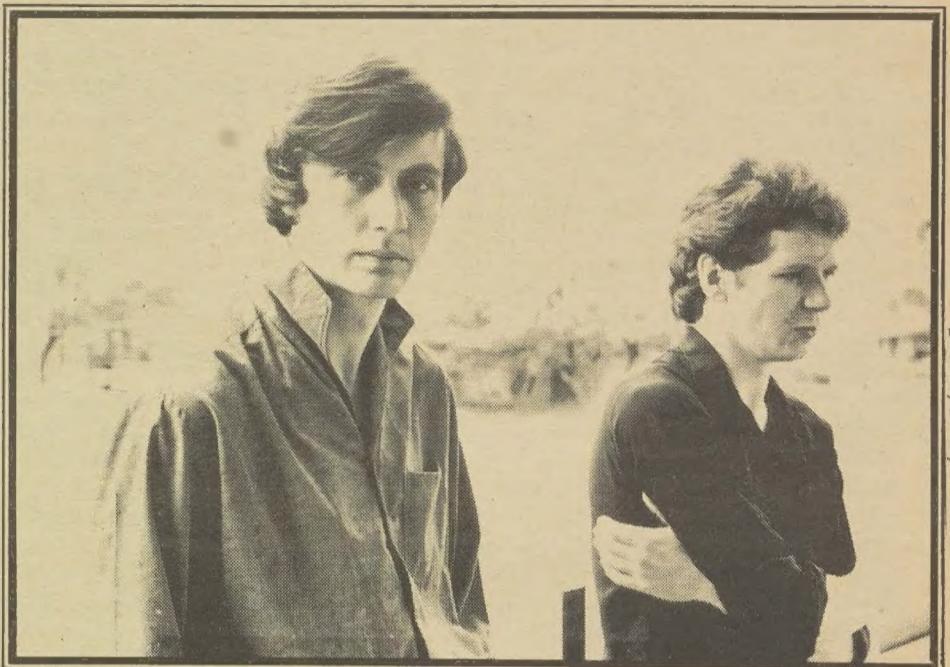


photo by Jimmy Freeman

— on a level with Pink Floyd, Fleetwood Mac and Split Enz. Not bad.

by  
**DAVID ARTHUR**  
Editor

Icehouse. The name brings to mind desolation — a primitive cabin, isolated somewhere in the barren tundra of the North. Or a house, sealed in by snow and frost, hidden in the raging blizzard. Or a Stop-and-Go at midnight.

It is also the name of a extremely talented group from Australia. Their eponymous debut has proven to be the best from a new



Art by John Regnier

### Icehouse? No.

band this year, a verdict likely to stand as the year winds down. Eclectic, tight, spontaneous and possessing a fine edge of control, *Icehouse* is the pleasant surprise of the year.

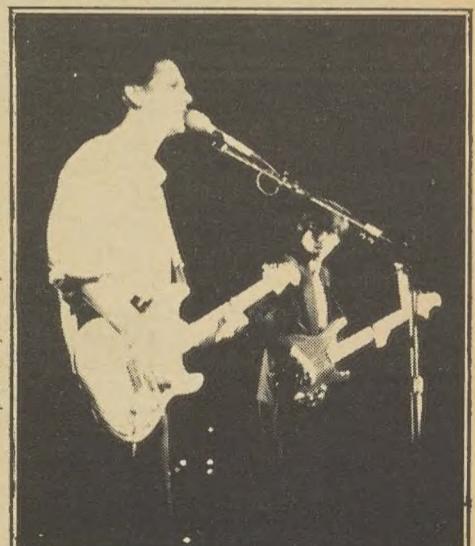
In concert, the band acquires itself well. Powerful and commanding, the band was anything but cold on Oct. 15, at the Rock Saloon. Nearing the end of their three-month American tour, the band raged through songs of their album, ending with a carthartic version of John Lennon's "Cold Turkey", which brought the near-capacity audience to their feet. Not bad for a band that plays music almost totally alien to what San Antonio is used to — sort of like the Cars' pop mixed with Ultravox's visionary style with dashes of everything. Add excellent songwriting, instrumental proficiency and that oft forgotten element, imagination, and you're close. Unfortunately, comparisons don't do the group justice. They're as good as any of the bands I've mentioned — and will hopefully improve. Whatever else they are, they are original. No pseudo-funk new romantics here. They don't play dress-up or imitate David Bowie, so I guess they aren't "cool" (no pun intended) in London but they do show emotion. Spandau Ballet has a long way to go before deserving comparisons with these guys.

"These guys" are: Iva Davies, guitarist, singer and songwriter; Keith Welsh, bassist, keyboardist Anthony Smith, and John Lloyd, drums. Hailing from Sydney, the quartet has sold triple platinum in Australia

movement "comes more from the fashion" than the music. "They're futurists wearing fluffy lace," he said.

"I prefer to rely on music rather than on personalities to put things across," he continued.

The band plans to begin recording their next LP in two months after finishing a tour of Australia with British band Simple Minds. Davies says that "the most immediate benefit of success is that it makes it easier to do things better. All that time you spend on the



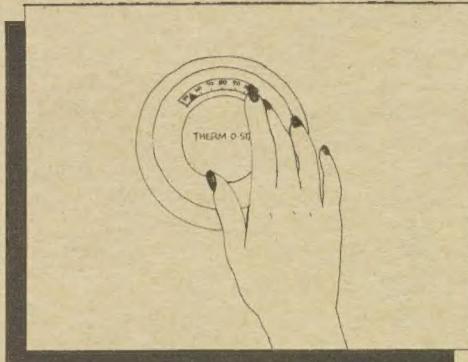
Iva Davies and Keith Welsh

# touch that thermostat

road you can't get much done except for what you are there to do. With success, you tour less and you have more studio time. It's not that you've got more in your pocket — you've got more to spend."

Davies, commenting that some have found the band's first LP too organized, admitted that he found it difficult to do things "wrong" because of his conservatory training. But he mentioned that American music suffers from the same trait to a large extent.

Art by John Regnier



Icehouse? Well, close.

ample of this. His naive incompetance created this (his sound). When people got tired of that he couldn't do anything else."

"That's at the bottom of more rock and roll casualties than you can imagine," he noted.

With this outlook, it is not surprising to find that Davies has no desire to become a guitar god. "I don't really care to be a great guitarist. The guitar isn't limiting the possibilities — it's the 58 notes, the number of tones in an octave that are limiting the possibilities. Statistically, you can do a lot of things without repeating yourself, and when you consider the number of other instruments . . . but only six strings and four fingers — it's pretty limited."

Davies noted that musicians "tend to get bogged down by the intricacies which aren't that important." He added that there is a point where spontaneity and planning meet, where musical naivety and competency merge — and that's the point he aims for.

Welsh added that this mix can come from their live performances merging with their studio work. "There's so much scope in the two fields — and they crossover so much — that there's no reason you can't do what you want. That's when a formula or a masterplan just limits you."

Davies did note one drawback to live performances; the American habit of asking of "hey, is everybody having a good time? Just once," he said, "I'd like the audience to come back with 'no f\_\_\_\_\_ off.'"

This band has definite possibilities.

—RNR

## Icehouse? No.

"It's like there's some absolute master plan for success. You've got people who can play their instrument to an amazing degree of competency — but they never develop their own style. It's like there's some kind of rock and roll university where you go to learn to play guitar."

"I prefer people with style to people with competency — but that doesn't give them the right to write symphonies — or rags. What's the point of playing a Bach concerto on electric guitar — it sounds better on the instrument it was designed for," he said.

Davies added that the really good musicians were good "because they defied the rules. The only rule you can use in any occasion is your nose. If it sounds good, then do it."

But Davies cautions against relying on native ability too much. "Sure you can do things that sound good without competency. It merely proves you've got ears. You have to know the rules to break them, though. Picasso, just didn't pick up a pencil and start painting . . . If you don't have training you'll run out of possibilities or be stopped by the fact that your hand isn't fast enough. Marc Bolan (T-Rex) is a classic ex-

Art by John Regnier



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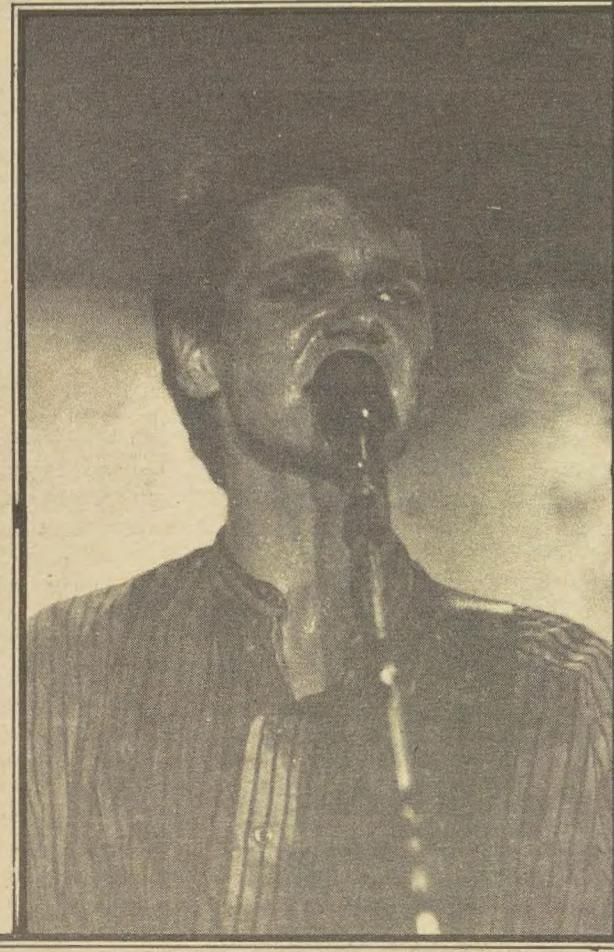
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—RNR

Iva Davies: Is this hell?

photo by David Willis



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# The Psychedelic Furs; stoics

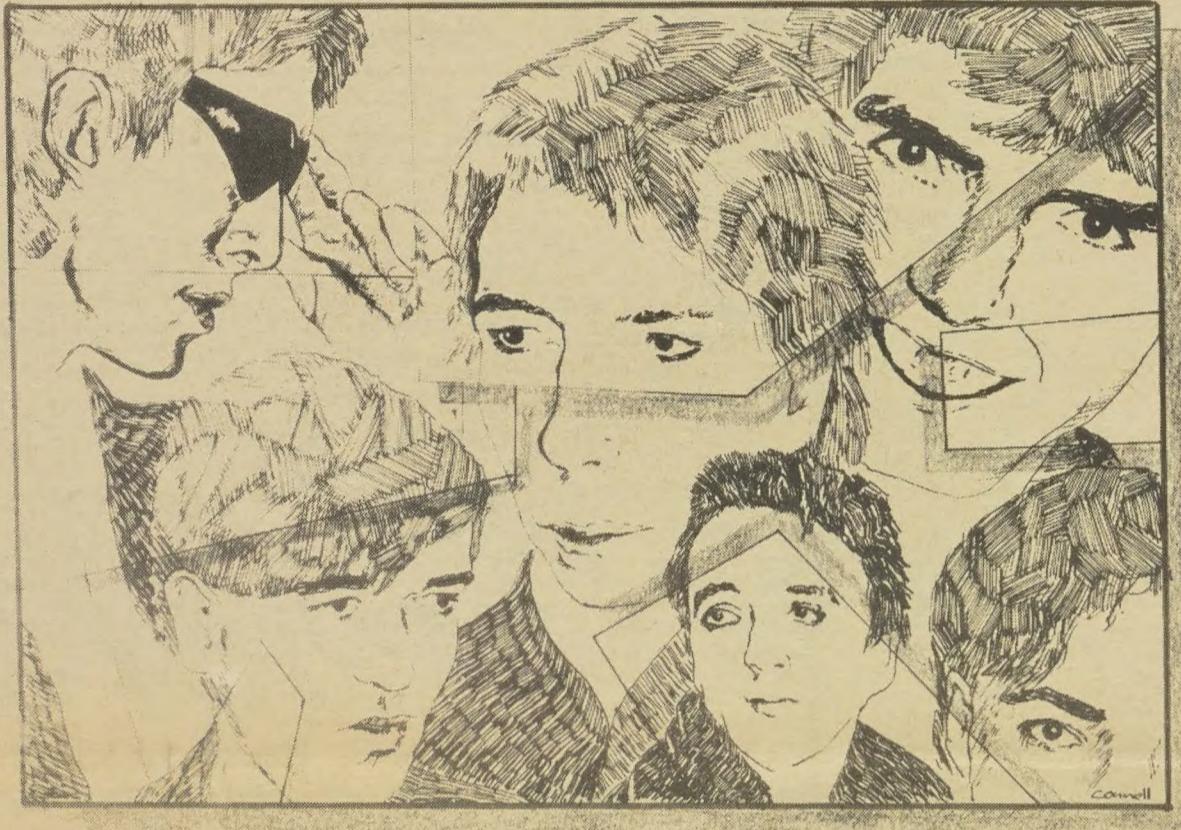
by  
**DAVID ARTHUR**  
Editor

With all this talk about new romantics and the like, it's easy to forget that last year about this time the news from England was of a different nature. A psychedelic revival was occurring and names like The Teardrop Explodes!, Echo and the Bunnymen and Wah! Heat were being kicked about the states in a sort of anglophilic anticipation.

were massive, even lumbering at times — on *Talk* the songs are quick and incisive, cutting to the bone.

The band was formed in the late 70s by a group of friends from Manchester, England who decided it would be neat to have a band — it didn't matter they didn't know how to play instruments. So Richard Butler (words), John Ashton (guitar), Duncan Kilburn (horns, keyboards), Tim Butler (Richard's brother and the bassist) Vince Ely (drums) and Roger Morris (guitars) got

requirement for radio — for every hour of John Denver, an hour of the Furs. Radio America (or Amerika, as Kafka would have it — and if you don't think that's a neat, appropriate literary reference, you haven't heard the Furs) would never be the same. An hour of Joy Division for each and every single song of Barry Manilow (twinkie brain damage is almost irreversible after all) and ten hours of the Who for every Kenny Rogers song (it'll take ten hours worth to wake them).



The Psychedelic Furs

Art by Steve Connell

But the band that really represented the movement — really were psychedelic — were the Psychedelic Furs, who were among the first of these bands to have an album out and the first to have it released in the U.S.

Now it's a year later and the new romantic antics of Spandau "we sound like death warmed over" Ballet have captured the attention of the rock press. But while all of this is going on, the bands who were the next big thing last year are now putting out their second albums. Including the Furs. Entitled *Talk Talk Talk*, the album is a strong one, revealing a good deal of merit and a much stronger sense of dynamics than demonstrated on the band's eponymous debut. On that LP, the songs

together and began to play — often playing long jams built of one chord, according to Richard Butler. Gradually the band began to weave its many influences (aside from the obvious, English bands such as the Pink

Fairies and Hawkwind were also influential) into a distinct sound. The music was dense, textured — kind of like an aural equivalent of oil — and like oil (or it's relative, gas) highly explosive. There are those who say the Furs are too cynical — and I'm one of them — but I also say, if you don't like it shut up. Rainy days have their place after all, and after the sweet "sunshine" of a group like the Little River Band or John Denver, I'm more than ready for the rain as supplied by the Furs.

There should be an equal time

What — oh, right, back to the Furs, whom this story is about. I talked to Richard Butler last August, right after the Furs had played to a near capacity crowd at the Clubfoot. He was sweat drenched and relaxed. Not at all the hardened cynic I had expected the Furs lyricist to be. He explained that the band's name had been a reaction to the punk movement going on at the time of the band's formation. "It was a reaction against the sort of punk band names that were around... we didn't know yet what we were, but we didn't think we were a punk band," he said.

I asked Butler about his feelings toward a recent *Rolling Stone* review of *Talk* that made much about an "adolescent" viewpoint in the band's music. Butler was somewhat contemptuous. "Not really any adolescent view — not dominant from my point of view. How can you say that 'I Want To Sleep With You' is an adolescent love song?

"They say 'She Is Mine' is possessive," he continued, "it's not possessive at all. It's saying I have to get out, have to get out of the whole phony thing of romance and engagement — it's not possessive at all."

If you believe that anyone  
Like me within a song  
Is outside it all  
Then you are all so wrong.  
If you believe that anyone  
Like me within a song  
Would try and change it all  
Then you have been put on."

—Richard Butler  
"Into You Like A Train"

The above quotation stands against every reason I've ever loved rock music for; especially its seeming naivety that



Richard Butler

music can change the world. Pete Townshend has that type of view, Jackson Browne does too: or is a man being arrested for living up to his principles a commercial ploy? (Brown was arrested for protesting the El Diablo nuclear plant).

I asked Mr. Butler about this cynicism, which is somewhat less than well hidden in the Furs music. He replied that "people like Bob Dylan 10 or 15 years ago did great political stuff and there's people like Ronald Reagan around. Are you telling me it does change things? I don't think so."

"People like Dylan 10 or  
15 years ago did great  
political stuff and now  
there's people like Ron-  
ald Reagan around. Are  
you telling me it does  
change things? I don't  
think so." - Richard Butler

I would have, but it was hot, late and damned crowded in that backstage room. So I let him continue. "What music can do is make people think," he said. "It makes you use your imagination."

Butler (did he really do it?) was less cynical about America. "I think it's great," he said. "The first time around it was really tiring, but this time I just don't want to go back (to England)."

I asked him if that could have anything to do with the recent riots in Great Britain. Butler admitted that probably "it's where I would be if I wasn't in a band". He went on to say that it was unlikely he would have been able to get a good job due to the economy there and that he had a good deal of "sympathy" for the rioters.

Butler said that sales of *Talk* had been good but refused to speculate on when a new LP might be recorded. "I refuse to plan. You can't be that conscious about it," he said — RNR

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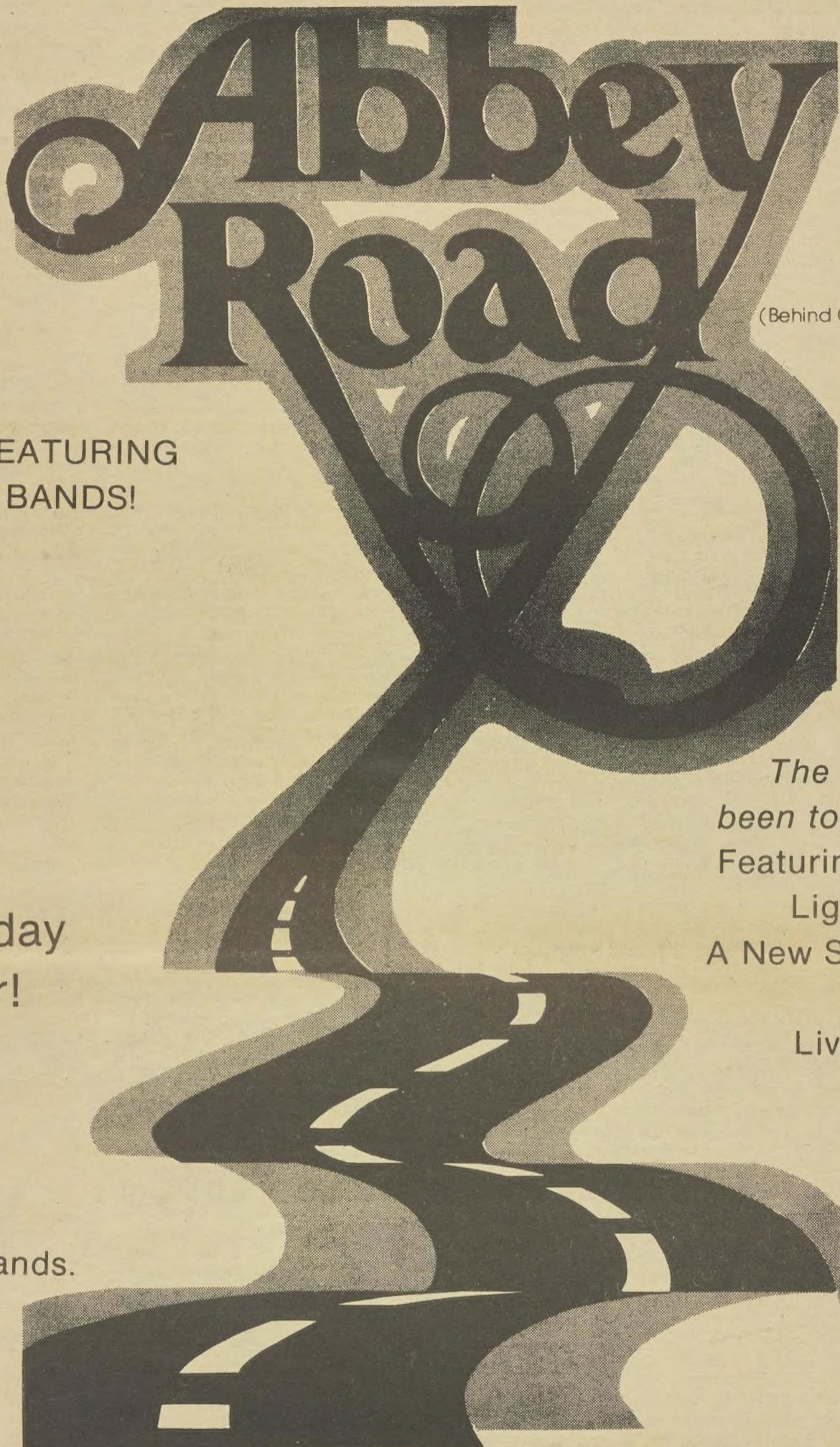
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# Cardi's: A sound for sore ears

by  
CLYDE KIMSEY  
Contributing Writer

By now, most of you have probably heard of Cardi's and have possibly attended one of their free or low-priced shows such as Spirit, Riot, or Steppenwolf. Whether you've been to Cardi's yet or not, you probably have questions as to what to expect from Cardi's.



by  
CLYDE KIMSEY  
Contributing Writer

**C**laude Morgan & The Blast are in the studio making a tape. He will combine it with his video films to show it to prospective record companies . . . The Mamas And The Papas will reunite with Spanky McFarland (from Spanky And Our Gang) replacing Mama Cass Elliott who died in 1974 . . . Besides Anthony Rogers' reggae show, Jamaican Wave, on KRTU on Saturdays from 2:00-6:00 p.m., he also plays reggae from 9:00-11:00 p.m. on Wednesdays . . .

**K**eth Richards has his own New York reggae band which performs in clubs . . . It seems the S.A. police have grown tired of handling the 300-plus crowds that the #2 Dinners attract when they play the Friendly Spot on S. Alamo. On October 17, several policemen were placed in the audience dressed as part of the crowd, even dancing. When they felt the crowd had reached its peak they radioed surrounding police and barricaded S. Alamo St. so no one could leave. Dozens of police with paddy wagons frisked, arrested and generally harassed as many people as they could handle for no apparent reason other than just happening to be there with so many others. If any city laws are being broken by The Friendly Spot's large crowds, shouldn't the police notify the owners to prevent the crowd from becoming so large instead of waiting to bust innocent people? . . .

**L**ooks like it's correction time again. The Vandals have changed their name to The Plague, not The Plunge; secondly The Smart Dads and The Plague played with Platform of Youth and not The Junior Vacuums at Randall's Bar-B-Q on Sept. 18. Apologies to those involved . . .

**P**olygram has created a unique new concept for the B-sides of singles. They will place a medley of songs off of the artist's current LP on the B-sides of their singles. The object is to give the listener a preview of the album so they can decide if they want it. It may sound like they're cheating you out of a song, but how often do you like the B-side of a single? Most B-sides are merely fillers anyway. Tell us what you think — Polygram reads our mag, too. The first artist with whom this concept is being tried is Martin Briley, former bassist for Ian Hunter . . .

**L**ook for the new Joy Division two-album set, consisting of new unre-

Randy's, the former establishment, did not sell out to Cardi's, it just got new management. Cardi's has successful clubs in Dallas and Houston, therefore the Randy's investors trusted their organization and experience. I talked to Joni Hyde who was also with the second generation Randy's. Joni felt Randy's never did overcome the stigma of a country-western "barn." Cardi's is trying to switch its image as far away as pos-

sible from Randy's. Cardi's will book rock'n'roll music exclusively, seven nights a week.

They book two bands who play nightly for one week. Nearly all of these are circuit hard rock-heavy metal bands that tour clubs of this sort all over the country. A few of these bands have records on independent labels as well as a few who have just started recording on major labels such as The Rich Kids who have a single out on RCA.

When asked why they didn't book any local San Antonio bands, Joni explained that they are trying to bring in bands that San Antonio can't hear at other clubs. Another reason is that all of Cardi's acts are set up by Cardi's in Houston for engagements at all three of their clubs. Possibly in the near future they will have San Antonio's own bands perform.

Probably the only band you can see more than once is Lightning who is the house band. Cardi's will try and book national artists once or twice a week.

Unlike some clubs, Cardi's is not worried on how much they make at the door but on how many pass through it. I was told they will never charge over seven dollars to see national artists and only a dollar or two the rest of the time.

There are many changes in this establishment besides the musical format, mainly the acoustics, which will improve vastly. They have brand new acoustical

ceilings and carpet on the floors as well as the walls to keep it from sounding like a bowling alley. The improvement of the sound quality was the first things I noticed when Steppenwolf performed last month.

It's good that San Antonio is finally getting some large clubs for mid-size national talent, but some minors still feel left out in the dark. Cardi's might let minors in for national shows on a trial basis with stipulations. They will have to be accompanied by an adult and sign release forms stating that they will not drink and that Cardi's is no longer liable for them.

Other changes Cardi's has introduced are Wednesday night wet T-shirt contests with three hundred dollars as the grand prize and free drinks for men until midnight and for ladies all night long.

They have two stages for continuous live music. The Monday night feature is a large screen TV with football and all the spaghetti you can eat for ninety-nine cents and a band after the game. Cardi's has various drink specials every night.

Cardi's is better organized than Randy's and has brought in many changes. Cardi's is out to change the entertainment habits of San Antonio music fans with its drink specials, top acts, and low cover charge.

—RNR

leased material and concert performances, including a version of The Velvet Underground's "Sister Ray" . . . **Billy J. Kramer and The Dakotas**, **Wayne Fontane and The Mindbenders**, and **Gerry and The Pacemakers**, will tour the U.S. this fall as "The Liverpool Explosion Show" . . .

**T**he Soul Clan was formed in the mid-60's, comprised of such R&B talent such as **Otis Redding**, **Don Covay**, **Ben E. King**, **Wilson Pickett**, **Joe Tex**, and **Solomon Burke**. Due to Otis Redding's death in 1967, the project didn't get anywhere, but the remaining members have recently gotten back together to tour America and have been offered a recording deal on Rolling Stone Records.

**R**ic Ocasek of The Cars is recording a solo album for Geffen Records . . . **Andy Summers** of The Police is recording a solo album with **Robert Fripp** (King Crimson) producing . . . A non-profit, licensed corporation is presently organizing to build an International Rock'n'Roll Hall of Fame Museum in Charlotte, North Carolina. The museum will have displays of important artists or groups from rock history, in addition to a viewing theater for rock concert films and a 5,000-seat outdoor amphitheater for small concerts. If you would like more information, write to: International Rock'n'Roll Hall of Fame, Suite 107, 5600 Executive Center Drive, Charlotte, N.C. 28217 . . .

**T**he Liverpool City Council has finally approved a petition to name four of its streets after The Beatles . . . **Frankie Avalon** and **Annette Funicello** have gotten back together to record a Christmas album . . . **Jean Michel Jarre** will become the first pop star to play in communist China . . .

**I**t looks like we might have another Alice Cooper. First, **Ozzy Osbourne** bit off the head of a live dove (shortly after insulting punk rockers for being stupid — is this intelligent?) at a CBS marketing meeting last Spring, and now he will tour with a \$2 million concert show to support his latest album, "Diary Of A Madman". Ozzy describes it as "the grossest show ever". The show will include a horror film with macabre props and effects with include gallons of pig's blood. At the end of the show Ozzy himself explodes! (Yeah, thank God. But who cleans up?)

**J**eff Webb's new wave show, *Off-Beat*, may return to KRTU, the Trinity station, Sunday, Nov. 15, 12 mid-night 'til 2 a.m.; be listening . . . **Hal Ashby** will direct a *Rolling Stones* documentary to begin filming in Dallas Oct. 31-Nov. 1. —RNR

## Dogmen bark again



DOGMAN &  
The Shepards

by  
RON YOUNG

If a dog could sing and play guitar like Freddy King it would probably be Neal Walden a.k.a. Dogman, leader of S.A.'s tuffest R&B power trio, Dogman and the Shepards.

Dogman rebuilt his group from scratch after three of the original members inexplicably left after the group won the battle of the bands at last summer's Rock Around The Clock Record convention. But now the band is a tighter three-piece outfit with Dogman on guitar, vocals and harp; brother Gary on bass; and on drums "Mad Dog" Rene Lopez.

The Shepards were really cranking out raw roadhouse blues and rock when I was out on a recent lost weekend tour of Austin Highway clubs ala Fred Semaan. Neal, despite having a bad case of the blues, (due to a recent accident that left him with a broken foot), was hopping around onstage singing in his gravel-voiced manner while his seamless rhythm section deftly backed him up on the blistering lead lines he was wringing out of his axe. These guys

definitely had the small but enthusiastic crowd by the throat and were going in for the kill.

The owner of the Jagged Sky is really turned on by The Shepards because she just like the blues — period. She's Gloria Mikel who has been in the bar biz for eleven years and recently decided to open her own rock club "because I got tired of going out to different bars trying to find rock'n'roll in San Antonio, and I wanted to work somewhere that I would enjoy the music."

Mikel wants to feature live rock bands every night of the week, which is a pretty hard thing to attempt since San Antonians are notorious for only going out on weekends. She wants to have an R&B night, a Fifties and Sixties night, a hard rock night, etc. "Everything but punk and acid rock," she says. Friction, a hard rock band, opened the club, and she has had Los Bones, Renegade, and Dogman out there. The club also has a game room for the pool and pac man crowd. It's located on Austin Highway next to Dirty Sally's.

Meanwhile back onstage with Dogman it looks like The Shepards have claimed some new victims and made some new fans. —RNR

Rumor, Innuendo &amp; Fact . . . Rumor, Innuendo &amp; Fact . . . Rumor, Innuendo &amp; Fact . . . Rumor, Innuendo &amp; Fact

# A conversation with Augie Meyers

by  
**RON YOUNG**  
 Publisher

A tall, lanky Augie Meyers, with his trademark two-foot braided ponytail hanging down his back, towers above everyone in the smoky, crowded Northside urban cowboy watering hole known as Budro's. He's busy pumping men's hands and kissing women who are glad to see him back on the local club circuit. Many in the audience are friends who grew up with Augie or who became friends somewhere along the way.

While I'm trying to slide a few questions between the glad-handers and the back-slappers who come over to the bar to say "hi" to Augie, his band is onstage unwinding with a couple of instrumentals before he steps into the spotlight. They wail away at a swinging version of "Watermelon Man" that's as cool, smooth and seamless as the long green felt of the pool table.

For his new band Augie has enlisted the reknown Westside Horns featuring Rocky Morales on tenor sax, Louis Bustos on tenor and bass saxes, and the trumpet pyrotechnics of Al Gomez. Together with Louie Ortega (of Louie and the Lovers fame) on guitar, longtime Sir Douglas Quintet associate Jack Barber on bass, Augie's son, Clay, on drums and Arturo "Sauce" Gonzalez on piano they play the type of Westside R&B that people on this side of town have rarely heard.

The Augie Meyers Band was formed when several of the musicians got to-

gether one night at Budro's and upon seeing Augie asked him what his plans were after the most recent dismantling of the Sir Douglas Quintet. Augie told them he really didn't know, so they all thought it was a good idea to form a band. Their debut was scheduled for October 14 at Budro's. Since that meeting Augie had been in Los Angeles putting the finishing touches on the latest "and probably the best" Sir Douglas



Quintet has completely disbanded and that Doug (Sahm) and I don't get along, but that's not true. Doug and I grew up together and there's absolutely no hard feelings between us. We'll always continue to play together, in fact, he'll arrange the horns on my new R&B album. There will always be a Quintet, too. We just both wanted to do solo albums right now.

"The Quintet has finished its contract with Takoma Records. We had contracted to do three albums with them, not including Doug's solo R&B album, *Hell Of A Spell*. These were *The Best Of The SDQ*, *Border Wave*, and a live album we recorded partly in L.A. at the Whiskey and in Austin at the Club Foot. It should be out in January.

"We've recently signed with a European label (the SDQ is bigger in Europe than they are in the U.S.), Sonet, which will issue an album of all new Quintet material. Also, Doug, Louie Ortega and myself just got through playing with the newly-reformed Creedence Clearwater Revival (all except for former leader John Fogerty) in San

Francisco. The two bands might merge on tour and possibly record an album," he went on.

With those last words Augie ambled up to the microphone and strapped on his guitar (he never plays the Vox organ that he's so associated with in the SDQ when he leads his own bands usually playing instead, guitar, squeeze box or electric piano) saying to the crowd, "Hi, we're the Augie Meyers Band and tonight we're going to play some Texas rock'n'roll, conjunto, blues and Fifties rock'n'roll." Then he launched into the R&B shuffle "Everyday I Have The Blues", following it with the vintage COokie and the Cupcakes tune "Mathilda". In tandem came a house afire rendition of Little Richard's classic "Tutti Fruitti", a Tex-Mex version of George Jones' "She Thinks I Still Care" sung in Augie's plaintive Texas twang, and a sprightly German/Mexican polka version of "Just Because" featuring Augie on squeeze box. All night long he and his band delivered just what he said they would and by the end of the night he had made a bunch of new friends.

## King Crimson in Austin



by  
**ROBERT FRIPP**

It was never my intention to reform King Crimson, that eclectic, forward looking band of unsettling nature. So why, after several years of flat denials? There are several quick answers:

1. The press misquoted me;
2. No one would believe the band was going on hold for seven years;
3. I was mistaken;
4. Fripp is an opportunist turkey, a fraud and charlatan.

There are three longer answers:

1. King Crimson has a life of its own, despite what its members say and do. Any thought-form which attracts interest becomes partly iconic and since the group "ceased to exist" in 1974 interest has continued. At the beginning of rehearsals during the first week of April, I recognized this potential hovering behind the band, an available energy if we choose to plug in. Simply adopting the name, or even trying to form King Crimson, would have been impossible: King Crimson is a way of doing things.
2. Music has a life of its own, and calls

on some unlikely characters to give it voice.

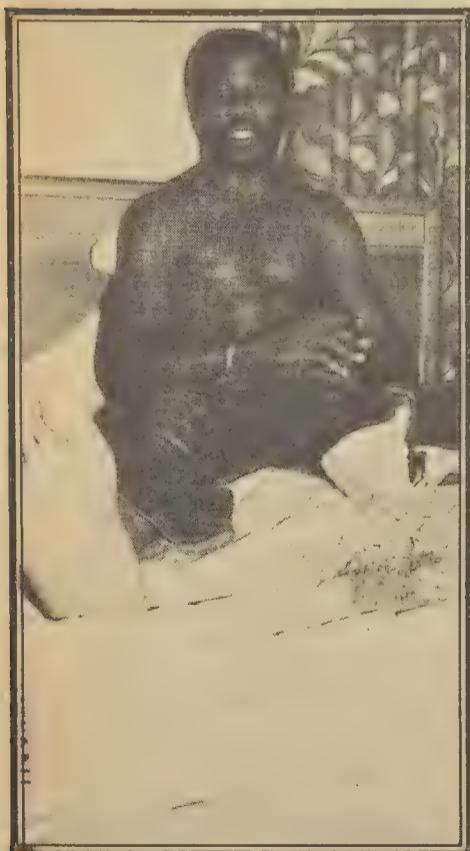
3. This is my work, and as such is a linear progression from the third division and Frippertronics, and the second division and the League of Gentlemen. King Crimson is a first division venture and marks the transition between the Drive to 1981 and the Incline to 1984. As such its aims are:

- i) Work in the market place but not governed by the values of the market place. This work should give me a living, an education, fun and involve me with others.
- ii) Present and test ideas.
- iii) A personal discipline.

The music movement of which King Crimson was founding force went tragically off course, and Crimson was the only group with the intelligence top

the only group with the intelligence to withdraw when its usefulness was over. In a world very different from seven years ago, there is useful work to do which requires a powerful instrument. And so King Crimson has returned to active service (Ed. note: See King Crimson in concert Nov. 16 in Austin).—RNR

## Toots and the Maytals return



by  
**RON YOUNG**  
 Publisher

Toots Hibbert and his band The Maytals are from Jamaica. They are one of the top reggae bands around and they'll be performing their brand of

soulful reggae in San Antonio on November 12, at the Rock Saloon.

Reggae is that bouncy dance music that was born in the ghetto bowels of Kingston, Jamaica. It's the most carnal kind of dance music because the rhythm is on the upbeat, instead of vice versa as in American soul and rock'n'roll. But it's as hypnotic as your own heartbeat and there's no escaping it.

Reggae is most often associated with Bob Marley, who was Jamaica's Bob Dylan. He used it as political folk music to speak of the suffering and injustice in Jamaica. But Toots and the Maytals play a form of reggae that is closer to the original dance form (or ska) that has its roots in the Sixties' Motown soul of Otis Redding and Wilson Pickett. It's an upbeat blues music that is more often about feeling good than about revolution.

"I'm not political," Hibbert says. "When I sing my songs people should get up and dance. But even if you can't hear the message of my words you can feel the spirit within, and then you have to move."

Toots and his Maytals have been around as long as reggae itself, and everyone from Robert Palmer to the Clash have recorded his songs. Along with Peter Tosh, Jimmy Cliff, and the late-Bob Marley he is one of the music's most influential spokesmen and performers.

Toots and the Maytals put on an exciting and energetic show that is guaranteed to have the crowd dancing in the aisles.

Turning Pages... Turning Pages... Turning Pages... Turning Pages... Turning Pages... Turning Pages... Turn

**Full Moon,**  
The Amazing Rock & Roll Life of  
Keith Moon late of The Who,  
late of The Earth  
by Dougal Butler with Chris Trengrove  
and Peter Lawrence

(Morrow Quill Paperbacks) \$6.95

While in a local book store I spotted *Full Moon* and thought to myself, "Alright, finally a bio of Keith Moon!"

There really should be a biography of Moon, late drummer of The Who. Keith, who died three years ago, was definitely a madman, merry prankster, rock superstar, and the world's greatest and most original drummer. His legendary antics of destroying hotel rooms and cars, of boozing, drugging and womanizing, as well as his rise to stardom by way of being the drummer for one of the greatest rock bands ever would certainly make for an interesting story.

Anyone who is interested, however, will have to wait until one is written because the title, *Full Moon*, is very misleading. It's simply not a biography. It's not even a half-Moon. What it is is a badly-written retelling of the antics of Keith Moon from the period of 1967-1977 by Butler who was Moon's man and keeper for that duration. It is in his words, "not a chronological narrative simply because it cannot be described or remembered like that. Life with Keith Moon was not a simple progression from Monday to Sunday, waking to kipping (intercourse), paypacket to bank, breakfast to dinner. It was much more a glori-



ous bugger's muddle of laughs and madness, highs and lows, jolly-ups and shout-ups — all interspersed with spells of boredom and depression."

This is all well and true but what is told about Moon's life is done with very little sense of insight or understanding of the man or the legend. There are some hard questions left unanswered by the end of this book, such as: What made him the egomaniac he was? What was his relationship like with the other Who members? What made him want to destroy things, including his marriage and eventually himself? Why couldn't

this boy/man grow up? What mental and physical demons plagued him that ultimately contributed to the sad ending to his cocktail party of a life?

What Butler does is recount in half-remembered detail various "Moon the Loon" stories that soon enough begin to all sound alike and become boring. Here's an instance when Moon and Butler are attempting to leave a hotel they've been staying at.

At four o'clock we make another attempt to hit the road and it is at this time that Gilbert (the hotel manager) makes one of the worst mistakes of his life.

"Listen," he says, "is it true that you lot smash places up? I mean, you know, I read in the papers that you like to create damage and chaos? I read that you do places over — hotels and so forth. But you stay here for three days and all you do is drop a couple of brandy glasses on the floor." I cannot believe what I hear — especially as it appears to me that Gilbert has an almost wistful tone in his voice, but Keith is onto him like a cat on a cockroach. He turns to me.

"Dougal, dear boy," he commands somewhat imperiously, pointing at the nearly new Jaguar XJ6 that is waiting to carry us off to London, "the car, the French windows, the bungalow." And as he mentions each item, he moves his hand to point at it. Of course, I know Moonie well enough to suss him immediately and I depart toward the car giggling to myself, once in it I fire up the six cylinders, bang down the loud pedal with considerable force and unleash the best part of 250 brake horsepower upon Gilbert Mylchreest's hotel.

BOOF! We're through the hedge.  
KERPLONGG!! We're through the French windows.

CERRUNNNCCHH!!! We're neatly parked well inside the bungalow.

Gilbert hurtles across the lawn like a drug-crazed warthog sweat and cigarette ash spraying all over the geraniums and screaming:

"I can't believe it! No! No! You crazy bastards look what you've done to my lovely hotel!"

Unhappily for Gilbert, Moonie now has the taste, and a genuine destruction derby ensues.

"Come on, Dougal," he shouts, "let's finish off the job, dear boy." And with that he indicates the wardrobe.

We fire up the XJ6 again. A quick three point turn, a touch more pedal and the

sideboard is efficiently reduced to matchwood.

The book is one long Burt Reynolds car crash movie starring Dudley Moore as Arthur. And in the end the author has to admit that "nothing really happens except that Keith Moon ups and dies." But during the last two years of his life Butler isn't even with him anymore. Those were the years that Moon was attempting to straighten out his life, when he was coming to grips with being replaced in The Who. Now, that would have been worth reading about.

*Full Moon* may have been the sincere effort of a former friend and servant, but it is not the book to get if one is interested in the full life of Keith Moon.

\*\*Ron Young

#### The Book of Rock Lists

by Dave Marsh and Kevin Stein  
(Dell-Rolling Stone Press) \$9.95

Recently, there have been many different books of lists, facts, and statistics outside of the almanacs. Now, there is finally one on rock. If you're always curious about facts concerning the rock charts, rock musicians' favorite performers, and trivia in general, it's a very interesting and informative rock reference book.

The extent of the lists will surprise even the most informed rock fans. Examples of some of the lists are: artists with ten or more gold records, artists who have never had a gold single, (I was surprised to find The Who, The Kinks, and Jerry Lee Lewis listed here), the first ten rock records to win gold discs (Why is Pat Boone listed?), ten artists who should have won a grammy but (but should have), performers who have made the cover of *Time*, etc.

No rock fan can do without this book — but a large part of it is subjective. This slant on the authors' point of view is both an asset and a drawback to the credibility of the book.

To liven things up as well as give some insight it also contains such opinionated lists as: the wimp-rock top-40 (why are Crosby, Stills and Nash and the Moody Blues here?); the ten most disappointing debut albums like Led Zep, C S & Y, Blind Faith; the ten best and worst rock critics; etc.

You probably get the idea. It was a great idea that turned into a near-great book. Readers must take the lists that are subjective with a grain of salt, that's all. \*\*Clyde Kimsey

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Vinyl Habits . . . Vinyl

**The Wanderers/Only Lovers Left Alive** (Polydor) ★★★★

The Dead Boys will not go down in history as one of America's pioneer bands. Stiv Bators will not be remembered as a great singer. Still the Dead Boys did come up with a couple of minor classics of the early punk era on their debut album; and Bators, while not original, is pretty outrageous on stage.

If Stiv has one good album in him, this probably is the one. On *Only Lovers Left Alive* he is joined by three-fourths of the defunct Sham 69 (minus Jimmy Pursey). The Wanderers aren't singing about sonic reducers, and -needin' lunch. They're talkin' about Bolshevism ("Peter Beter"), 'television valiums' ("No Dreams"), and street gangs ("Ready to Snap"). The lyrics are Bators' best without a doubt. The music sounds like Alice Cooper circa 1972-73. Cooper along with Iggy obviously are Bators' main influences.

Maybe now Stiv Bators will stop being remembered as the one who gave Iggy the peanut butter, and begin being lauded for *Only Lovers Left Alive*. *\*\*Jeff Webb*

**Alice Cooper/Special Forces**

(Warner Bros.) ★★

Let's see . . . What is "the Coop" up to this time around? You tell me, because from some of the songs and the packaging his image seems to be a mad mercenary, but the image as well as the music never really develops.

Probably the same criticisms that applied to his last album, *Flush The Fashion*, (do you remember?) can be said for this one. Alice needs to find a *real* band and come up with some shockingly new original material and some powerful melodies to degrade us with. Remember the *Killer* LP? Do you think Alice does? Even the last hilarious minute of "You Look Good in Rags" from this LP can't make up for the rest of this weak material. C'mon, Alice, shock me! *\*\*Clyde Kimsey*

**Joe Ely/Live Shots** (MCA) ★★★★

It's about time they released this in the States. MCA ought to be ashamed of itself for holding back for so long as it's been available on import MCA for a year. Anyway, at least they had the sense to throw in an extra 4-song live EP to smooth out my ruffled tail feathers.

This is a great live album recorded when Ely and his band were on a tour of England with their pal The Clash. It features some of Ely's best-known tunes and one of the hottest performances by any band on vinyl. Ely one-ups Jerry Lee Lewis as he blazes away on "Fingernails." He tackles Hank Williams' "Honky Tonkin'" like the Cowboy's Randy White does a quarterback; he's helped out by Carlene Carter. Fellow-Lubbockan Buddy Holly's "Midnight Shift" conjures up the ghost. The rest of the album is hotter'n chili peppers Bubba, containing "Boxcars", "Fools Fall In Love", "Honky Tonk Masquerade", and four others. With the EP thrown in you can't go wrong. If Tom Petty and the Heartbreaker were from Texas they'd be The Joe Ely Band! *\*\*Ron Young*

★★★★ — Excellent.  
A "must" album.

★★★★ — Very good.  
A solid effort.

★★★ — Good.  
Worth a chance.



★★ — Mediocre.  
Inconsistent or just lacking in some way.

★ — Poor.  
Waste of time.

○ — Frisbee.  
The only thing it's good for.

**Albert Collins/Frozen Alive**

(Alligator) ★★★★

The Iceman returns, and I'm not talking about Gervin and basketball. I'm talking about some serious blues blaster, the master of the Telecaster, from Houston, Texas — Albert "King of Kool" Collins!

No matter how good his studio albums are Albert is best captured alive. He's backed by his crack touring band, the Icebreakers, featuring veteran sax man A.C. Reed, the powerhouse drumming of Casey Jones, and the rock steady bass playing of Johnny Gayden, plus organist Allen Batts and rhythm guitarist Marvin Jackson.

Some of his best cuts are: "Frosty" a searing shuffle instrumental and Collins' signature song, a reworked jumping version of the Louis Jordan classic "Caldonia", a cover of Guitar Slim's great blues standard "The Things That I Used To Do" that rivals Doug Sahm's, "Angel of Mercy" a sweet slow blues with strong ironic lyrics that are Albert's hole card. This could easily have been a two-record set and still left me hungry for more of that Ice Cream *\*\*Ron Young*

**The Rumour/Purity Of Essence**

(Hannibal) ★★

This is the Rumour's third LP, and it's really a shame that Graham Parker's old crack back-up guys come up on the short end again, because they are talented musicians. It's just that they need to remain someone else's band. Sort of like Mott without Ian Hunter. Some redeeming factors here are "Tula" which sounds like a Badfinger tune, and Glen Tilbrook's (of Squeeze) "Depression." Lately the Rumour are backing Garland Jeffries and doing a fine job of doing what they do best. Hopefully Parker will take them back or Jeffries will keep them, or better yet turn Dylan on to them. God knows The Rumour has always fancied itself as The Band. *\*\*Ron Young*



**King Crimson/Discipline**

(Warner) ★★★★

After a seven year disbandment, Robert Fripp has reformed the legendary King Crimson again. And it's a hell of a lineup; Adrain Belew, guitars, vocals; Bill Bruford, drums; and Tony Levin, bass. This may well be the best Crimson line-up ever. The guitar interplay between Fripp and Belew is majestic — not since *Layla* have two guitarists played off each other so well.

The album is powerful and precise; Fripp has never gone in for vain presentations of instrumental glory and there are none here. The music utilizes a polyrhythmic base a good deal of the time and the resulting multilayered textures are mind-blowing. Crimson has never been like this.

The only drawback is the lyrics — Fripp and Co. here utilize found bits of conversation overheard or random tales repeated in the

studio. These are either spoken or sung without a supporting melody line, forcing Belew to create his own melodies while singing. This is interesting, but used so often it loses much of its charm. Crimson needs to get a lyricist. One powerful exception to this is "Frame by Frame" a haunting song which hypnotizes the listener. King Crimson is really back. *\*\*David Arthur*

**Genesis/Abacab** (Atlantic) ★★★★

Following solo albums and popularity as solo artists, Phil Collins, Tony Banks, and Mike Rutherford come together for a new album as Genesis. It contains all the elements of their solo work, which somehow sounds more complete when grouped together. There's plenty of syncopation, and various guitar and keyboard melodies weaving all about; lots of interplay and counterpoint lines, heavy and thick drum beats. Except for "No Reply At All" which is reminiscent of Collins' last solo, the songs are concept oriented, and in line with the classic older Genesis style. I even hear some faint King Crimson and Yes traits lurking about. You'll enjoy the freshness of this LP, and the flowing of the songs. Genesis will last well into the 80's if they continue to work so well as a group, each member contributing as much as they can. *\*\*George Gaytan*

**Rush/Exit . . . Stage Left**

(Mercury) ★★★★

The key factor to Rush is emotion; like few other bands around today, one either hates them or loves them. Fans are devoted; detractors are venomous. It's really hard to be indifferent to them — somehow, people can't ignore Geddy Lee's vocals.

That asserted, it's easy to explain why Rush has become so popular over the last three years; they've gotten enormously better at what they do. Right now, as musicians, they are one of the best rock outfits around. Which also explains why a lot of people hate them. With all this emphasis on musicianship, they seemed cold didactic, and have not worried enough about song structure.

Well, this album certainly is not going to support the latter point of view. The performances are excellent, destroying the idea that Rush might be a product of the studio. And there's a good deal of emotion here, too, in the tension of the music and in the audience's reaction to it. I can think of few bands who

can play someplace like Glasgow, Scotland and have the audience sing along to the entire first chorus of a song, unbidden ("Closer To The Heart").

But the highlight of the album, as with any Rush LP, is the musicianship — it's hard to believe that there are only three people on stage. Lee's vocals continue to mature, his bass playing is impeccable and his keyboards — well, Eno doesn't have a thing to worry about, but they more than serve their purpose. Neil Peart's percussive assaults need no praise — the drum solo on "YYZ" is praise enough. Alex Lifeson's guitar work ain't bad either; he's probably improved the most since the 2112 days. His classical guitaristry on "Broone's Bane" is haunting.

The majority of the material comes from the band's last four LPs, with nothing repeated from the first live LP, *All The World's A Stage* being repeated here. Two earlier songs are also included, "Beneath, Behind, Between,"

and "A Passage To Bangkok". The latter is a good example of how far the band's progressed since 2112; the song isn't rewritten, just . . . different.

Now even I know that Rush certainly isn't the best band around — they're not as important as the Cure or the Clash, or as progressive as the Talking Heads. They've yet to assemble a classic LP; though I have the feeling that "The Spirit of Radio" is going to be around for a while. But this band is one of the most talented around and now that they've paid their debt to the past, so to speak, with this LP, they may pull out all the stops. The next LP will be the nexus — if the band comes out with something as different as they did the last time after a live LP (*A Farewell To Kings*) then . . . But at this point, it's impossible to speculate. They could just as easily fall prey to the demons of commerciality. So sit back, enjoy this LP and the solo LPs due from Geddy Lee and Alex Lifeson and wait . . . At least I will.

*\*\*David Arthur*

## Vinyl Habits . . . Vinyl

**Koko Taylor/From The Heart Of A Woman** (Alligator) ★★★★

If the blues is a woman, then Koko Taylor is the embodiment of that belief. She's been called the most impassioned and exciting of the women blues singers, and if Aretha Franklin is the "first lady of soul" then Ms. Taylor is surely the "first lady of the blues".

*From The Heart* is her sixth album, her third for Alligator. This LP, more than any other captures the full spectrum of Koko's talent. With it she breaks new ground — along with the straightforward blues and rocking boogies of her previous albums, she reaches into her soul bag and proves herself to be a singer of hard-edged R&B tunes.

Every number here is a gem, but the polished ones are: the driving "Something Strange Is Going On", a great cheating song; the classic gospel-blues ballad and a major hit for Etta James a decade ago "I'd Rather Go Blind"; a fine remake of Bobby Blue Bland's signature song "Ain't Nothin' You Can Do" (renamed here for some reason "If You Got A Heartache"); Louis Jordan's humorous "Sure Had A Wonderful Time Last Night" done in a swinging, happy jazz vocal style; and an exciting cover of Little Milton's "If Walls Could Talk" performed in her best no-holds-barred shouting style.

Koko's band, The Blues Machine, features a fine "new" guitar wizard in Criss Johnson, who at 26 is already a highly sought-after studio axeman. The rest of her ensemble perform seamless rhythm tracks, proving themselves the perfect vehicle for Ms. Taylor's wide-ranging vocal talents.

If there was any justice on the airwaves Koko Taylor would be a national female star instead of strident pop poseurs like Pat Benatar. This is a woman singer with balls.

\*\*Ron Young

**Billy Idol/Don't Stop**

(Chrysalis) ★★½

All of us Generation X fans know Billy Idol has a great rock'n'roll voice and think that their version of Lennon's "Gimme Some Truth" as well as "Ready Steady Go" and "Your Generation" from their first LP were classics that never were.

On this 12-inch EP Idol covers the old Tommy James hit "Mony Mony" along with two new originals and "Dancing With Myself" (with Gen. X). With the exception of "Dancing, etc." (a fine rocker that compromised just enough; the last stray) Billy sells out to bland predictable power pop. His voice still sounds great but the arrangements and the music could've been done by anybody. "Baby Talk" and "The Untouchables" sound like a contrived last-ditch effort to put a great talent in front of the public. 1977 is getting easier to be nostalgic about all the time.

\*\*Clyde Kimsey

**Grand Funk Railroad/ Grand Funk Lives**

(Blue Moon-Warner Bros.) ★½

Grand Funk is back, which when you stop to think about it, isn't too surprising since commercial hard rock hasn't evolved much since they ruled during '72-'74.

The present group now consists of original members Mark Farner and Don Brewer, with Dennis Bellinger replacing Mel Schacher. For the most part the new songs still retain GF's brontosaurus-interpretation of rock, but updated and polished. However, like before, they fail to come up with anything original. The music ranges from heavy metal like "Queen Bee" to mundane but accessible fare like "Testified".

It's a bad sign though when a band like this can succeed with a comeback when other more talented groups can't because of the continuing regression and stagnation of rock'n'roll on America's supposed rock stations. Help me! It sounds like 1972 again!

\*\*Clyde Kimsey

**Icehouse** (Chrysalis) ★★★★

Without a doubt, the most impressive debut LP this year and is a masterpiece of refined control and power. Ivs Davies has more melodies than your average rock songwriter — and better yet, I haven't heard a single one of them before. Amazing — haven't they heard of plagiarism in Australia?

Oh, yes, they're from Australia and display a pop infliction similar to their neighbors, Split Enz (from New Zealand). But they are more rock oriented than the Enz. Davies still needs to learn a few things about arrangements but as far as tensions, melodies and lyrics he's very impressive. Not bad, since the songs on this LP are the first ones he ever wrote. \*\*David Arthur

**Wall of Voodoo/Dark Continent**  
(IRS) ★½

This is a synthesizer-oriented West Coast group that seems to have listened to a lot of records by similar avant gardists, and in true California style, decided to have a go at it themselves. Sure, it's unique compared to almost anything you hear in the average day. But, it lacks the spirit of groups like early Devo, Cabaret Voltaire and the British futurists. But, such comparisons are unwarranted flattery. This one gets one and a half stars only because I believe that someone, somewhere must appreciate it. \*\*Clint Falk

**Ike and Tina Turner/The Edge**  
(Fantasy) — In case you haven't noticed lately there's a soul revival going on. It started with the Blues Bros. parody, then crossed over to England and influenced bands like Dexy's Midnight Runners. It came back to the U.S. when Motown, Stax and Solid Smoke Records re-released material by old pros like Sam and Dave, Smokey Robinson, The Supremes, "Wicked" Wilson Pickett, James Brown, Aretha, et al. Ike and Tina were in the thick of it

during the Sixties and with their recent appearance on the Tom Snyder Show it looks like they're going to get in on some of that come-back pie. Soul might've been dead during the disco-70s, but the performers sure weren't.

With the exception of Smokey Robinson's last few great albums and Aretha's reemergence this Ike and Tina album is by far the best soul to come out lately. Side one features Tina and her home-grown funk band shouting and sweating through five perfectly chosen numbers with more raw power than a two-ton Duracell battery. Her version of Elton John's "Philadelphia Freedom" is done the way it was meant to sound. Her covers of Bill Withers' "Lean On Me" and "Use Me" are highlighted by skin-tight arrangements, blustery horn charts and Tina's patented urgent vocalising. Alice Cooper's "Only Women Bleed" smolders like the torch song it was meant to be.

Ike's side is perfectly underplayed soul featuring his superb guitar playing (always one of the overlooked masters) just listen to "Lum Dum" for some ear-singeing git licks. If KAPE doesn't pick up on this one they don't deserve to call themselves a soul station! \*\*RY

**Motorhead/No Sleep 'Till Hammersmith** (Mercury) ★★★★

Reagan's building the neutron bomb, Moscow's got lasers and Britain's got the live Motorhead LP. Of the three, that scares me the most.

The album is everything live Motorhead should be — over-amped, speed burning heavy metal, ripping ears and speakers to shreds. This is a classic HM album — so powerful and so tight, it makes a bunch of wimps like Van Halen sound as boring as they are. If you want to wake up after listening to *Fair Warning*, take this. It'll do this trick — and your neighbors will never speak to you again.

\*\*David Arthur

**Grateful Dead/Dead Set**

(Arista) ★★★★

This new double live electric set of Dead songs follows close on the heels of the double live acoustic set *Reckoning* that was released in March. Despite the fact that *Reckoning* was a fairly listless set, often with various members playing out of tune or singing off-key, Dead Heads ate it up like a welcome hit of sunshine. They'll like this one too, but for more reasons than it's another Dead album that they must have for their collection.

*Dead Set* is a much better sounding overall, and though I like the Dead's acoustic material I'm partial to their electric stuff. Here the group turns in some brilliant performances, especially on "Friend Of The Devil", "Fire On The Mountain", "New Minglewood Blues", and "Brokedown Palace". It's an excellent documentary of the current Dead, a band who for fifteen years has reflected the greening and the browning of America in their country, blues and rock'n'roll songs.

\*\*Ron Young

**James Brown/Can Your Heart Stand It!!** (Solid Smoke) ★★★★★

I don't care if James ("the hardest working man in show business") Brown hasn't had too many hits over the past few years. I don't even care how long Rick James' braids are or how many platinum albums the Jacksons have. JB is still The Godfather of Soul. And if last year's *Live and Lowdown at the Apollo, Vol. 1*, the rerelease of the 1963 King album that skyrocketed Brown to superstardom, didn't make you remember what real soul was all about, then this package of great hits should.

*Can Your Heart Stand It!!* is nothing but solid Brown gold. Ten exciting, funky, nasty, soul-searing get-down tunes guaranteed to make you dance, if nothing else. It includes: "I Got You (I Feel Good)", "Please Please Please", "Papa's Got A Brand New Bag", "Cold Sweat", "It's A Man's World" and other hits from JB and the Famous Flames. A perfect party record. \*\*Ron Young

**Little River Band/Time Exposure**

(Capitol) ★★½

Rock and roll for those who pretend to like it, but are afraid of its true spirit. Guitar-heavy textures make them sound boisterous, but their vocal harmonies and lush arrangements make their music as soft as a pillow. This isn't a terrible album, though "Just Say You Love Me" is melancholy but sincere, and "Guiding Light" is a Springsteen-ish rocker. "The Night Owls", however, their newest hit single, is strictly average. \*\*Tim Lawless

**Joe "King" Carrasco and the Crowns / Party Safari**

(Hannibal) ★★★★

If you haven't heard about a human Texican jumping bean named Joe "King" Carrasco yet you aren't hep to what's happening, man. This Austin-based rocker is so devastating in concert that he ought to have a hurricane named after him. His records are almost as good, and that's saying a lot.

*Party Safari* is an EP that features four new tunes by "the King" and his Crowns. The cheesy Farfisa organ of Kris Cummings is well up front pumping all four numbers along while Carrasco's own Chuck Berry-styled guitarisms share the spotlight, too.

Side one (cleverly titled *Tostada* side) kicks off with "Bad Rap" a more complex cut than Crowns fans are used to hearing. Excellent run-and-gun guitar playing, some *Twilight Zone* organ work, and swelling background harmonies help make this number a little different. "Gin Baby Gin" is a trash-rock party piece that's fun, simple dance music at its best.

Side two (*Tortilla* side) features some mellow materials with "That's The Love" a really fine single that local radio stations should be playing. It's perfect for dancing or driving. "Ta U La Ou Va" is an example of the more adventurous songwriting that Carrasco has hinted at. It has a lilting island melody and a happy call-and-response chorus between Joe and Kris. Short but sweet. \*\*Ron Young





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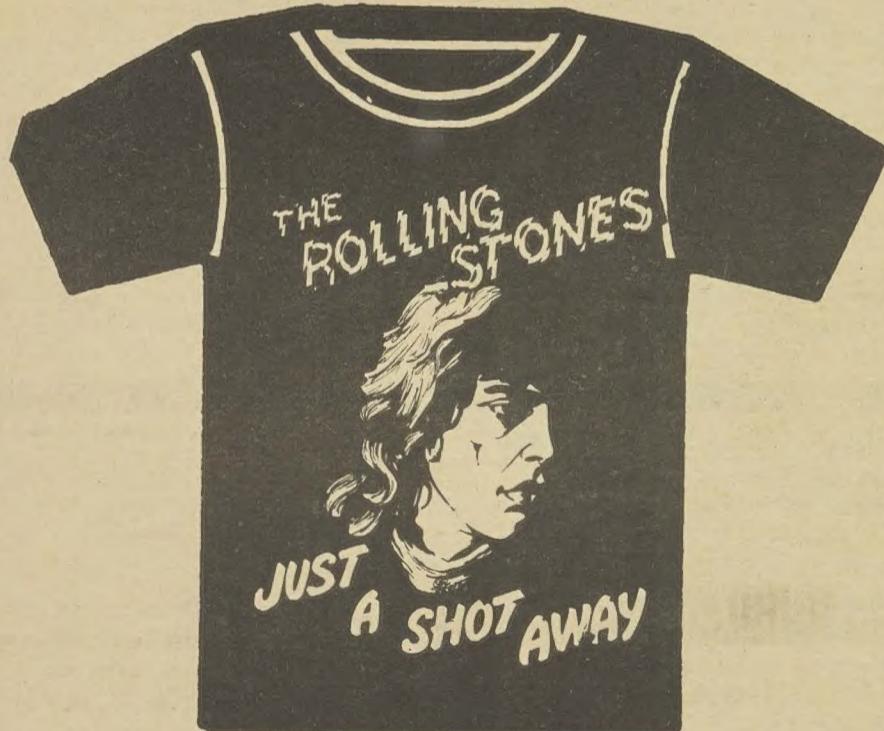
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